

D. JACOBUS

Perthæ Comiti, Scotiæ Cancellario.

**I**n signem meritis, quod tantum Heroa salutem  
Nugis, si quis me fronte carere putet;  
Ingenio nescit pretium dare; suavit honestas  
Quicquid id est, genio velle placere tuo.  
Nam rudibus dum cultus abest splendorque Poetis,  
Carmina materia pondere saepe placent.  
Ergo subjecti si lucis honore nitere  
Concessum, cornu divite vena fluit.  
Cum sacer insedit fibris calor, aurea plenos  
Musa aperit dextra luxuriante sinus.

Serenissimi Scotiæ, Angliæ & Hiberniæ  
Principis

GENETHLIACUM.

**I**te procul cura insomnes, procul ite timores,  
Fulserit hac nitido sidere fausta dies.  
Qua nobis Princeps vitales exit in auras,  
Et Patris, & Populi vota precesque sui.  
Qui imperium oceanis, famam qui terminet astris,  
Regnorumque tri: m qui caput unus erit.  
Qui genere attingit totas quas s. be. Potentes,  
Aut meritis claros, cernimus esse duces.  
Qui patris (ut laudi desit pars nulla futura)  
Grandeque pacifici nomen habebit avi.  
Salve optata diu Cælo dignissima proles,  
Et patris & populi gaudia summa tui.  
Cuncta secunda tuo nobis spondemus ab ortu,  
Mens quoque datitiam vix capit ipsa suam.  
Omnia lata novis coeuntia sidera sceptris  
Promittunt; celeri non tamen illa pede.  
Qua Deus hac mundi perfecta mole quievit  
Ipse die nobis te tribuisse velit:  
Scilicet hanc toti festam dum sanxerat orbi,  
Conveniens Domino sitque tibi que tuo.  
Regius egregia cernatur in indole sensus,  
Atque ortus mores sint monumenta tui.  
Magne puer cui se hac tandem instauranda reservant  
Regna, tot heu miseris pæne sepulta malis!  
Cum nihil a superis optare Britannia Majus,  
Nec melius potuit tradere cura poli:  
Natalem ergo tuum pueri, matresque, virique,  
Lati concelebrent, & sine fine canant.  
Non tuba, non Cithara, non tibia, non cava cessent  
Tympana, non agili Cymbala pulsa manu.  
Tecta, viaq; procul resonent, delubraq; passim  
Festivis agent gaudia tanta sonis.  
Salve fausta dies, tam clari conscia partus,  
Annaq; adventu festa referto tuo.  
Qui vivat, vigeat, valeat, crescatq; per ævum,  
Lux, & amor populi, cura que summa poli.

Anno Dom. 1688.



Nobilissimo Musarum Mæcenati,

D. JACOBUS

James and William

O F

SCOTLAND,

Duke of Rothsay, Earl of Carrick, Lord  
of the Isles, Knight and Baronet of  
Renfrew.

**A**s the courageous, and high bounding Steed,  
Like those of Great Laomedon his Breed,  
With Fire and Air, performs his prancing Course,  
His Neck with Thunder Arm'd, his Breast with Force,  
And with Triumphant Rage beats out the Race,  
As if an Engine shot Him to the Place;  
At last descended to the Vale of Years  
He only groans when he the Trumpet hears,  
Yet heated with the known and Martial Sound,  
He Stamps, and Champs and Nighs, and Beats the Ground:  
So I the Muses having bid farewell,  
Broke with the Climbing of Parnassus Hill,  
To whom as great Content Retirement brings,  
As those that Glitter in the Courts of Kings,  
With Joy beholding these Heart ravish'd Throngs  
Of Acclamations, and Harmonious Songs,  
Unto our High-born Prince, a Stranger here,  
Can gladly yet make one to fill the Quire.

Just as the King of Flames, whose darting Eye  
Night-wandering Stars with tainting Splendour flee,  
When in his Dazzling Chariot he doth rise,  
And shuts the Lids of all Heav'n's lesser Eyes,  
And in his Dawning (tho to Pur-blind gray)  
Blazons the Ensign of a glorious Day;  
So is thy Birth to every Loyal Scot  
Great Prince, our Joy, our Blood, our Breath, what not?  
England thy Cradle though we must avow,  
Yet unto Scotland, thou thy Blood doth owe.  
Let no more difference then possess this Earth.  
Thou'rt Ours by Blood, though thou art theirs by Birth.  
What ever can be boasted from the Source,  
The Glory of thy Ancestours is ours.  
Just when the Sucking Infancy doth Bloom  
Of this Auspicious Year, the Prince doth come.  
In that same beauteous, and jolly Tide,  
When Madam Flora appeareth in her pride.  
To show propitious Heavens will still defend him,  
Earth's Peace and Plenty ever will attend him.  
That with united Raptures, Forth, and Thames,  
May still Pray GOD blefs MARY, GOD blefs JAMES.  
GOD blefs the Prince, and may he always move,  
Upon the fixed Poles of Truth, and Love:  
May never Rage nor War this Isle re-enter,  
Love our Circumference, Love be our Center;  
And may the busie Spider keep her Task,  
Within the Belly of the plumed Cask.  
May every Heart conspire, with every Tongue,  
To Implore his Years may be Renown'd, and long.

Sic optat & orat.

N. PATERSON.

Upon the Birth of the most Serene and High-Born-Prince

Prince of Wales